Haſt. His Grace lookes cheerfully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well.
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewen it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue *I* beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how *I* am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
*T*his is that Edwards wife, that monſtrous witch
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord,
Glo. If, thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
*T*elſt thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by *S*aint Paul,
I will not dine to day *I* ſweare,
Vntill *I* ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
*T*he reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt manet.*
Ha. Woe wo for England, not a whit for me: *Cum Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But *I* diſdaind, and did ſcorne to flie,
*T*hree times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the *T*ower,

As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent *I* told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret; now thy heauie curſe
Is lighted on poore Haſtings wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lo. the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aier of your faire looke,
Liues like drunken Saylers on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
*I*nto the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
*T*hey ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall be dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buckingham in armor.

Glo. Come couſin, canſt thou quake & change thy colou
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe, and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror.
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deere ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Gl. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. L. Maior.
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. *T*he reaſon we haue ſent for you.
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walles.
Buc. Harke *I* heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby.

 Ente